

1 Extravagance. You'd think I would enjoy doing what everyone else does to get a thrill out of their boring lives. I digress to this. I made sure that the aisles in this theater that I was dicking around in had chairs that had a slight uplift from the ground or possible ventilation to crawl through, but that might seem unreasonable even for a theater setting.

2 As people sat down clung to their seats in the theater, I quietly crept along the aisles, thinning a thread stand almost invisible to the naked eye, just barely touching the neck collars of these unbenownst onlookers.

3 The bomb was ready to go. I lit a match. Fire broke out like a shattering window. Aisles of bewildered people, gasping for air as their eyes began to bulge from their skulls.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I forgot to bring my ear muffers! Son of a bitch, that was louder than I expected!!!

The aftersmoke was so thick that I could barely make out the exit sign.

I could hear a few screams in the front row. I guess I didn't add the finishing touches like I should have.

A couple of security guards opened the exit doors and began running up and down the aisles, frantically dragging out people who seemed to still look alive or just barely breathing. The dead ones already began to smell like an unhinged garbage dump.

I decided to smear some blood on my face from one of the victims beside me and walk out the exit door pretending to limp on one leg.

When I finally got outside, the screaming stopped, the smoke evaporated, and the city streets were almost pitch silent like the cold echoes of a icy mountain top.